

FEBRUARY 1958

Maryknoll



Chinese New Year
See Page 34



WHICH ONE IS THE DOLL? Bobby Jo Mlodzik, of Coraopolis, Pa., is all ready to take the part of a Maryknoll Sister in a mission pageant. She makes a last minute check of her costume.

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Saga Without End

■ I REMEMBER Peter Saga as he used to shuffle, with the aid of his cane, to the Takano church here in Japan. He dressed in an oversized coat and trousers and wore a hat he must have used since the turn of the century. His thin, white beard played with the gentle breeze; when he smiled his eyes softened; from his lips always came a kind greeting.

All the parishioners loved the little old man of eighty-seven years. Those who attended his baptism could not help but feel his own inner joy, since it shone on his face and penetrated even the hearts of the onlookers.

Peter Saga had been born in Kyoto

About a very old teacher
who became a pupil again.

BY GERARD BEAUSOLEIL, M.M.

before automobiles and busses came to Japan. Peter's father was living when Commodore Perry's ship arrived at Yokohama in the middle of the last century.

Peter Saga could tell his students about the deeds of the great Emperor Meiji. As a teacher in one of Kyoto's colleges at the time, he could boast with many of his asso-

ciates and friends of the victory over the Russians that made Japan a recognized world power.

World War II put an end to Peter Saga's teaching. With the passing of his wife some years previously, he had retired to the home of his daughter. She lived not far from Maryknoll's mission church in the

Takano district of North Kyoto. There, after the war, he first came into contact with Christianity.

All his life Peter Saga was a quiet, religious man, both kind and unassuming. Even in his prime he was not strong physically; his strength lay in his mental convictions. Religiously, he adhered to the creed of millions of his fellow countrymen — belief in Buddha.

After moving to Takano, Peter met zealous Christians who were making home visitations. Further visits, from priests, brought him into still closer contact with Christianity. Though advanced in age, he was still very keen in mind and his eyes were quite good. He read pamphlets and other Catholic literature. Later he began to study the doctrine. Gradually he found the path that leads inevitably to the feet of Christ.

I baptized him Peter. After the ceremony his first words were, "I have become a little child once again." They echo the warning of

Our Lord to Nicodemus, "Unless a man be born again . . . he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Except in unusually bad weather, Peter Saga came to Mass every Sunday while he was preparing for baptism. When the time for his reception of Holy Communion came, his godfather, a pious man half Peter's

age, escorted him to the altar rail where the King of Kings awaited to enter into his heart.

As he grew weaker, Peter Saga could no longer come to Mass. So I frequently took the Blessed Sacrament to him at home. How he longed for the coming of Our Lord into his humble abode. From his mat on the floor he would call his daughter (not then a Catholic) to kneel and pray with him as the priest entered his room.

A few weeks ago, I heard from the Christians at Takano church that Peter Saga had passed on to his eternal reward. They said he retained his soundness of mind right to the very end. And as he lay on his straw mat, waiting for his Divine Lord to come for him, his last thoughts and final words were "Jesus — Mary — heaven."

The story of Peter Saga has come to an end on this earth, but a new story of Peter Saga begins to unfold itself in heaven — where it will have no end.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
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Bamboo Wireless

Hong Kong is setting records these days. In a single month the colony had 60 inches of rain. A more important record is the fact that Hong Kong will count 18,000 new converts this year. In 1950, the entire Catholic population numbered 16,000. Most of the converts are refugees from the Reds who now control China . . . The Azangaro province of Peru, the size of Long Island, has only two pastors in the whole area -- a dramatic demonstration of the lack of priests.

* * *

A group, representing 2,000 people of Chongan, Korea, came to Father THOMAS McKEE to ask that a priest would come and baptism them. They offered to buy cooperatively a big school that could be turned into a church. Another example of progress being made in Korea today.

* * *

The Maryknoll pastor in Arequipa, Peru, gave an edict to his altar boys: "Wear shoes!" The next morning one of the youngsters flopped around in his mother's shoes -- the only pair he could borrow. The pastor is now buying sneakers for his gang . . . Formosans have come up with a unique remedy for Asian flu -- eating watermelons! The terrific demand has raised watermelon prices to an all time high.

* * *

No visitor to Formosa has made a greater impact or been warmer received than Cardinal THOMAS TIEN. The 60 year old cardinal, exiled from his see on the mainland, is received by tremendous crowds wherever he goes and has given prestige to the work of the missions.

* * *

In Nairobi, Kenya, a police band concert received a setback when the band's cook preparing supper burned the band music as fuel . . . In Ayaviri, Peru, Father JOHN BYRNE distributed 6,000 pounds of dried milk and 6,000 pounds of potatoes to his drought-affected Indians . . . A new rubric issued in Seoul, Korea, allows a Solemn High Mass to be celebrated by only a priest and a deacon. The reason is the shortage of priests there.



The Maryknoll fleet at Riberalta, center of an extensive river parish.

TIGRERO

Care for a monkey or *carao*
dinner? In the jungles,
food is where you sight it.

BY GILBERT J. DeRITIS, M.M.

■ AT 2:35 of a hot, sultry Tuesday afternoon we wave good-by to Father Gorden Fritz and Brother Camillus on the banks of the Beni in Ribe-

ralta, Bolivia. Our destination is Conquista, where the Padre is building a new house of mud bricks and needs some help.

The crew of the *Stella Matutina* is headed by Old Pablo, the pilot who knows where to turn and twist so as to avoid sandbars and submerged logs. Next comes Jose, a deaf mute who is blind in one eye. Then comes Brother Dismas, mechanic, hunter, and good traveling companion. And finally myself.

The *Stella Matutina* is a fast boat.

MARYKNOLL

If all goes well the trip to Conquista shouldn't take more than two and one-half days.

At 5:47 P.M. we arrive at Fresh Water Village. All the people come to the bank to welcome us. We greet them according to custom, which is the *abrazo*. This consists of shaking hands, embracing, slapping the person on the back three times, and then shaking hands again.

We spend the night at Fresh Water. At 5:30 the next morning we wake to find a line of people waiting to go to confession. After Mass, we pull away at 7:14 A.M.

Between stops on the trip, we read, write, meditate, and keep an eye open for game along the banks. We also take turns piloting. With four aboard, the boat is crowded.

At 9:56 Pablo spots a wild boar on the bank. Brother Dismas opens fire with his 44-40 and misses. I follow with a shot from my .22 and wound the animal in the hind leg. By the time we reach shore, though, the boar has escaped into the thick jungle.

Around noon I prepare a South American stew of rice and canned meat, and also make black coffee.

At 2:45 we run out of gas and have to refuel. At 4:45 we hit a submerged log and begin to take in water. When we find a sandy beach, we land.

The boat is soon bailed out, but we cannot find the leak. We finally give up, have supper, pitch our mosquito nets on the beach, and retire.

The next morning, Jose takes over

Indian mother, her unbaptized child, await the visit of the river priest.

FEBRUARY, 1958





the bailing duties. About 7:30 we come upon a flock of ducks swimming in the river. Brother decides we need food and fires at them three times with his shotgun, but the ducks merely swim underwater and out of range. Half an hour later we see two alligators on the beach.

In the afternoon we hear a troop of monkeys, high in the branches of the giant trees that line the river. We pull ashore and cut our way through the underbrush until we near the troop. Brother raises his rifle and, with two shots, stops a monkey in mid-air. Falling, the monkey manages to wrap his tail around a limb and there he hangs, dead.

Pablo at once grabs the barrel of Brother's rifle and forces it toward the ground. The monkey comes falling through the trees. With a smile of satisfaction, Pablo tells us that whenever you shoot a monkey you immediately point your rifle barrel earthward. Otherwise, the monkey will not fall from his perch. A bit wiser in the ways of the jungle, we head back to the *Stella Matutina*.

At dusk we pull ashore at Don Jose's hut. After the usual greetings, we give his wife some rice and the monkey to cook. Don Jose is dressed in work clothes, which consist mostly of patches. Despite his poverty, his hut is offered as ours.

By 6:30 Friday morning we are on our way again. Suddenly Brother Dismas gives one shout and points to the trees along the bank of the

Jungle bridges often are perilous. Father Joseph Hahn has discovered.

MARYKNOLL

river. Two shots later a beautiful *carao* bird falls into the water, and our lunch problem is solved. A *carao* is about the size of a chicken. It feeds on fruits, and that diet makes it tender and delicious to eat.

At 8:15 Pablo spots a turtle, which we take aboard. It is a large one and will provide a full meal for Pablo and his family after we return to Riberalta.

Around 10:30 I smell gasoline fumes coming from the motor. A small leak is soon fixed, and we continue peacefully on until we reach Conquista at 11:10.

Since the parish is an hour's walk inland, Jose takes a note to the Padre. Insects begin biting in earnest, and we dive for cover on the riverbank. A wind blows up to rid us of the insects and bring a delightful rain that cools us off.

In a little over two hours, the Padre arrives on a tractor pulling a trailer. Brother and I climb aboard for a half-hour journey. Holding to the sides of the trailer, we bounce and roll over the road cut through the jungles.

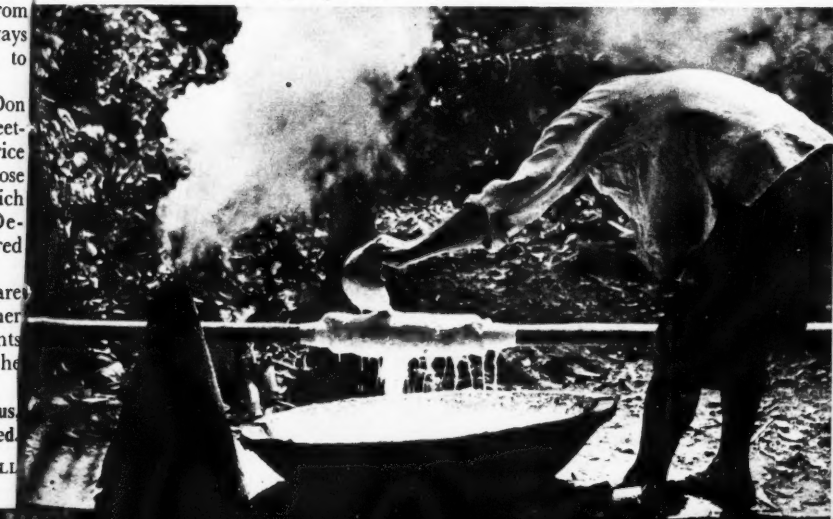
Pablo remains with the boat which is still taking in water. He discovers a leak in the hull and plugs it temporarily with grass and mud.

Later, with the help of four men, we pull the *Stella* ashore for repairs. The hole in the hull is smaller than we thought, and in three hours our boat is as waterproof as ever.

Conquista is located on a table of elevated land which somewhat resembles a plateau. This is the center of a parish that extends to the border of Peru, some 800 river miles away.

For the past fourteen years, the

By collecting and smoking liquid rubber, this Indian earns \$55 a year.



priest assigned here had only temporary quarters. He lived in a bamboo hut, which is like living in a fish bowl. Such a hut is open and uncomfortable, with just as many insects inside as outside. A mud-brick house is not only insect proof, but comfortable as well.

The Padre has been obtaining bricks for the new rectory from the *barraca* of Sena, three hours upriver. We tie a large canoe to the *Stella* and set out to get him a supply.

Before the Agrarian Reform, the *barracas* along the river were in reality small villages. Each had a store, a chapel and houses built around a small plaza. In practice the *barracas* resembled the plantations of America's Old South before the Civil War.

Hundreds and thousands of people used to live and work on these *barracas*. Today they are only the bones of great estates of the past, when sterling silver was the currency and the *patrono* was a god.

Sena is such a *barraca*. After we reach it and load some 400 bricks into the canoe, we barely have time to return to Conquista before dark.

The next day we all work on the new house. Jose volunteers to stay until the job is finished, so the rest of us decide to head back to Riberalta the following morning.

Leaving the *Stella* behind, we start out about 5 A.M. in a long dugout canoe that has a four-horsepower motor. It also has a roof

to protect us from the hot sun.

All goes well until about 2:30 P.M., when Brother Dismas spots something swimming in the river. "Tigre" yells Pablo, and almost

falls overboard in his excitement.

Brother, cool and collected, calmly picks up his 44-40 and fires away. "Shoot again,"

yells Pablo. Brother takes aim and sends a bullet into the animal's brain.

While Pablo is still jumping up and down yelling "Tigre," we pull the lifeless carcass aboard. In reality it is a leopard, a beautiful animal, large yet slim. Its claws and teeth are razor sharp. For the rest of the afternoon Pablo is in a world of his own, because the *Hermano*, or Brother, has now become a *Tigrero*, or hunter of tigers.

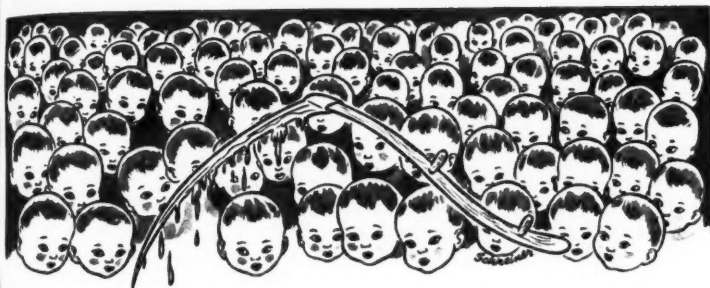
Around 5:30 we pull ashore for the night. We are guests of Don Juan and his family, friends of Pablo. They come down to the dugout to admire the fine *tigre*. Don Juan hopes it is the one that ate a dog of his two days ago.

After a dawn Mass the next morning, one of the men skins the *tigre*. We leave the carcass for Don Juan and his family, who have been without meat since he broke his shotgun.

The remainder of the journey to Riberalta is without incident. We arrive about 6 P.M., quite ready to resume the routine of parish life.

"What would the missionary not do with the money that a Christian spends for passing tastes! May every member of the Faith question himself on this point."

— Pius XII



The Forces that Hate Children

What a missionary brings to young people in Japan, and why.

BY JAMES P. COLLIGAN, M.M.

■ TWO BOYS from our parish stood waiting for the electric train which would take them to the next town and home from middle school for the day. They saw fellow students standing in clusters on the opposite platform, and half noticed one boy standing well apart from the others. Neither actually witnessed the boy jump in front of the express train which sped through the station a few minutes later.

That Japanese youth had killed himself, I was told, because classmates had been ridiculing and tormenting him relentlessly about his older sister's bad reputation. My first reaction was one of pity for the suicide victim. Later I wondered if he had not been indirectly murdered.

Youth can be destroyed in many ways. War is one of them. Its disastrous effects on children are readily recognized. I see pictures of emaciated and abandoned infants, and of weary and cowering waifs. I hear accounts of tots hungry and in tatters, or with bodies torn and twisted. War is a concentration of horrors, yet it is not the worst disaster that can befall the children of mankind.

Paganism ever so slowly, but just as surely, dwarfs, twists and warps bodies and minds of youth. Some immediate effects are easily recognized. After a recent crop failure on the island of Hokkaido, the police reported that some 700 young girls were sold into "slavery" by

their parents. Taught that a distinction between right and wrong has no place in filial obedience, most of the girls are little aware of the moral degradation into which they will fall.

Juvenile delinquency, a postwar social phenomenon altogether new to Japan, is increasing steadily and there is little hope that it can be checked. Here as elsewhere, youths are often the victims of outside influences and lack of proper guidance at home.

Where the parents have no guide for conduct, the children have none. Divorce is widespread. For men in well-paid positions, it is not uncommon to keep two or three wives in different cities.

In the year 1955, the Welfare Ministry reported 1,170,143 "legal" abortions, or two to every three births. If illegal operations to get rid of unwanted babies were included, officials believe it likely that abortions equaled or even exceeded the number of births. Surely as effective as bombing orphanages and schools, this is no less murderous.

War and paganism, sons of sin, have no love for children. But the Church has. Take, for example, the case of Nuiko-chan and Yoshiko-chan. Their mother, like their father, received baptism within the past five years; their education to date has been that given them at home. Sunday mornings after Mass Father Mooney occasionally questions Nuiko-chan on the catechism for the benefit of two or three adult catechumens, city dwellers who listen in amused wonder.

Nuiko-chan assumes an expres-

sionless face, holds nervously to her skirt and answers: "Well, you know, the Serpent said to Eve, 'Take this apple.' And then, well, she ate it. And then, well, you know, she gave it to the man."

Or Saito-san. He's a dignified, authoritative, ex-officer in the army. After the war he came to our church and asked for baptism. He had thoroughly studied the doctrine on his own and had received the gift of Faith. Since then he has been teaching weekly classes at the church. For years, the one person he wanted most to teach wouldn't attend; that person is his wife.

This year on the Feast of the Holy Family, at a ceremony after Mass, the Catholic couples renewed their marriage vows. At home later that day, Kuri-chan, youngest of Saito's three sons, described the ceremony to his mother, commenting, "*Chotto sabishii*" ("A little bit lonely"). Now Saito-san says he has to be more circumspect in his instructions, because his wife is in the class.

Or consider Haruko-chan. Like most parishes, ours has its poor. Like all missionaries, we try to provide some clothing and food for as many as possible. Obtaining scraps of material from local cloth mills, we have been able, with the cooperation of our parishioners, to assist many more than previously.

Haruko-chan is among them. In a pagan land, where charity is often suspect, Haruko-chan is unburdened by conventionality; she is simple and candid. She accepts kindnesses naturally and with unruffled trust. May she one day receive Christ's teachings as readily.

Precious Jewel Is Discovered

BY JOHN F. COFFEY, M.M.



■ PRECIOUS JEWEL is a cute girl. That's why a Korean family took her in, nearly seven years ago, after her parents were killed and she was separated from an older brother and sister. For the past few years the family had been raising her some twenty-five miles from my mission in Chechon.

Then that area was hard hit by a crop failure. The good family could no longer afford to feed and clothe little Precious Jewel. The parents had heard of our orphanage. So they gave the child train fare to our town and told her to come to the orphanage and ask for admission. Arrived in Chechon, Precious Jewel had almost reached the orphanage when she recognized a schoolboy on the street as her big and long-lost brother. When she asked him to tell her his name, he recognized her as his little sister.

After catching up on all that had happened since their tragic separation, the brother asked what she was doing in Chechon. She told him about the family that had taken her in and about the train ride.

Another surprise was waiting for Precious Jewel at the orphanage.

Her brother went right in, and her sister lived there, too. They had already been baptized Leo and Rita: last year both received Confirmation.

The prospect of having little Precious Jewel near him must have seemed wonderful to Leo. And the possibility of her sharing our Faith must have occurred to him, for he is deeply appreciative of the blessings the Faith has brought him. But Leo knew that the girls' side of the orphanage was as crowded as the boys'. He knew that for four months the orphanage had not received its ration of rice from the Orphan Bureau.

All these thoughts were running through Leo's mind as he awaited my return from a country mission station. He was a sober lad when he came that evening to ask me to let Precious Jewel stay.

We really had to squeeze to fit Precious Jewel into one of the rooms. During the next month she put on quite a few pounds, so now the squeeze is even tighter. ■ ■

Life Begins at

**Mother Duchesne wanted
to convert the Indians.**

BY JOHN M. MARTIN, M.M.

■ ONE of the greatest failures the world has ever known was Blessed Philippine Duchesne. With every opportunity to lead a successful life in the social whirl, she gave up all to become a religious. Eventually she went to the American wilderness. The high missionary goals that she set for herself were denied her, however.

Born in France, Blessed Philippine began her life as a religious when she dedicated herself as a novice in the Visitation Order. She was prevented from fulfilling her desire, because rioters of the French Revolution sacked the convent and forced the nuns to flee for safety. While awaiting the opportunity to return to the cloistered life, she served the hungry and needy, thousands of whom roamed the streets of Paris.

When things had settled down, she tried to restore the Visitation Convent. Then she met Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat, and was able to join the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

No sooner had she found a haven for her spiritual longings than she applied to Mother Barat for permission to work among the Indians in

North America. Twelve years passed before she received permission.

Blessed Philippine left France with the first group of Sacred Heart nuns bound for America. They spent eleven weeks at sea before arriving at New Orleans.

Their trip up the Mississippi to St. Louis took forty-seven days on river boats. The nights were spent on land, usually in rooms above rough taverns, and many times the nuns fearfully barricaded their doors as the rioting downstairs became louder and more boisterous.

At St. Louis, more failure was in store for Mother Duchesne. She was not wanted there. The Bishop had misunderstood. There was no place for her to work among the Indians.

The Sisters were directed to go to nearby St. Charles, on the Missouri River, where they occupied the Duquette mansion. Before long they were obliged to go to Florissant, in the bottom lands of the Missouri Valley — then, back again to St. Charles.

It was not until Mother Duchesne was seventy-two years of age that she obtained permission to start missionary work among the Indians of Kansas. One can imagine the great difficulties she faced as she tried diligently to learn the Indian tongue at the age of seventy-two.

However, Blessed Philippine could speak to the Indians in the language of the Sacred Heart. She spoke

through her kindness, and especially through her prayerful devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

For some time, the Indians could not believe that the saintly woman actually knelt for four hours every morning and every evening in the chapel. They saw her there, but they doubted that she stayed as long as she seemed to stay.

So, with childlike cunning, they would creep into the chapel behind her and place kernels of corn in patterns on the skirt of her habit. Coming back four hours later, they would check the corn. Since they found it undisturbed each time, they called Blessed Philippine "The lady who always prays."

Finally, Mother Duchesne had to return to the Academy of the Sacred Heart at St. Charles. (The original building still stands there today.) She died at the age of eighty-three, a complete failure as far as the world was concerned. In reality, she had failed only as her Divine Master had failed.

Little did Mother Duchesne realize that, as a result of her love for those souls in Kansas, she would bring knowledge of Christ to hundreds of thousands of people, rather than to a mere handful in one state. Today the colleges and high schools of the Religious of the Sacred Heart extend from Lone Mountain in San Francisco, past Maryville College in St. Louis, to Manhattanville in



Blessed Philippine Duchesne.

New York, a great chain of schools monitored by the followers of Blessed Philippine Duchesne.

The reason for this contradiction of failure and success, success in failure, is found in the words of our Divine Saviour, "My kingdom is not of this world." He also said, "Seek you first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

That is why Christ was successful. That is why Blessed Philippine also succeeded.

Like the valiant woman described in the Book of Proverbs, this Sacred Heart nun "opened her hands to the needy and stretched them out to the poor; she opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency was on her tongue; she looked well to the paths of her house and did not eat her bread idle." She failed, yet she was a complete success, and "her children have arisen and have called her blessed." ■ ■

The Moods of



The Mayan woman is not an individualist when it comes to clothing. These girls show the typical costume worn by these likeable people.

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Mayaland



Father George Hogan distributes First Holy Communion to Mayan youngsters who live surrounded by reminders of past greatness.

■ FROM the peninsula of Yucatan, south across Guatemala and Honduras, dwell the remnants of a once mighty people, the Mayas. Today the Mayas live amid reminders of past glory while they eke out a living from the jungle. Many of the old ways remain, but over them is a mantle of Christianity, gift of early missionaries. Today Maryknollers work among the Mayan people.





SHEA

Being a peninsula, Yucatan has many spectacular seascapes. Even more breath-taking are views from the offshore islands, as here at Cozumel.



On a street in Merida, Father Thomas O'Rourke meets a friend.
O'ROURKE

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O ROURKE

Today many of the Mayan people make their living from the sea. Here Father John McGuire does a bit of bargaining for his Friday dinner.



Mayan homes are simple round huts. Sometimes the outer walls are covered with mud plaster and whitewashed. Mayans are very clean.



■ THE region where the Maryknollers work was the last stronghold of Mayan civilization, a culture that many scholars consider the highest of all pre-Columbian cultures. The Mayas are an independent people who resisted the Aztecs and Mexicans, and even today many Mayas do not think of themselves as citizens of Mexico. Their last rebellion began in 1840 and ended only in 1904. The geography of Yucatan separates them from the rest of Mexico and tends to keep them isolated.

This tiny First Communicant has typically Mayan rounded features.

MARYKNOLL





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LEE

Dignity and a pride of ancestry mark the faces of these Mayan women.

■ THE Mayan man dresses simply in white shirt and trousers, sandals, and straw hat. But the Mayan woman is one of the most gracefully dressed people in the world. Her round, brown face blends with the shawl that curves from her head, crisscrosses her breast, and turns upwards so that one tasseled end

rests lightly over her shoulder. Her dress is alb-like, brightened with embroidered flowers at the bottom and top. She wears a golden chain about her neck. The city women wear white high-heeled shoes, but in the country the women are barefooted. Every Mayan woman is a picture of dignity. ■ ■

An African Chief Speaks Out

Mr. David P. Kidaha Makwaia, a Catholic in Maryknoll's Shinyanga parish, is a member of the Tanganyika Legislative Council at Dar Es Salaam. He was born May 7, 1922. He studied at Makerere College, Uganda, and at Lincoln College, Oxford. He became a Catholic on April 12, 1954. He succeeded his father as ruler of Busiya Chiefdom, but he resigned this post shortly after becoming a Catholic. Here he answers questions on present-day politics in Tanganyika.

■ IT IS obvious that Tanganyika has reached an important political crossroads.

The Africans of Tanganyika feel that the matter is urgent; time is not on their side. Elections must come, they say, and the sooner they come the better; and these elections must be conducted on the basis of total population, not according to the number of racial communities or groups. Let me explain this: people living outside Tanganyika should keep in mind that we have here a multi-racial society where wealth and industries are concentrated in the hands of a small minority of non-Africans from Europe and Asia. Many of these outsiders are making their home in Tanganyika. The economic strength of

those within this minority has given them a very important political advantage at a time when it begins to look as if self-determination might soon become a reality here. Meanwhile, about 99% of the total population is made up of native Africans, most of whom till now have had little or no schooling and are earning just enough to keep alive.

The main, and we may say, the only African political party in Tanganyika is the Tanganyika African National Union, or TANU, which was founded four years ago and now has about 300,000 members. The Union has been handicapped in various ways and so far has not recruited a large number of active members from among the educated

classes, partly because Africans employed in the civil service are barred from politics.

A Catholic school master, Mr. Julius Nyerere, founded TANU. He has always shown himself to be a sincere Catholic and he is known throughout Tanganyika as a self-effacing patriot. He attended Government school at Tabora, and Makerere College, Uganda. After graduating from college in 1946 he took up teaching at Saint Mary's School, Tabora. In 1942 he became a Catholic. He went to Scotland in 1948, on a Government bursary, to study at Edinburgh University. Returning to Tanganyika he taught at Saint Francis College, Pugu, near Dar Es Salaam, until 1954. Then he resigned his teaching post to devote all his time to awakening African self-consciousness.

TANU aims to awaken and develop this self-consciousness and to speak on behalf of the people of Tanganyika on the question of self-government on democratic lines; and aims, likewise, to prepare Africans to take over administrative positions. Its leaders fear that before self-determination and self-rule come to this territory, the non-African immigrants in Tanganyika will have become strongly rooted in the more important strategic posts of the political and economic life of the country, and the Africans will still find themselves without an effective voice in the control of their own land.

One of the problems, and perhaps the most difficult problem of all which political leaders must face and handle with extreme delicacy

at this moment, is to control the impetuous and to restrain hot-headed patriots who are impatient for action right away. This native impetuosity must be dealt with very skillfully.

Then, too, there is always the danger of this spirit being exploited by trouble-makers within the Territory, and by trouble-makers sent into Tanganyika from without by those who make it their business to create civic and political upheaval everywhere.

In this present welter of politics we should never lose sight of the fact that our highest duty is to respect authority, and obediently to submit to just law. This is the way in which members of a community are protected from the wrong of evil men. Differences of opinion will always be there and they should be tolerated, as a matter of course, provided it is understood — to quote Pope Leo XIII — that “. . . the nature of human liberty, however it be considered, whether in individuals or in society, whether in those who command or in those who obey, supposes the necessity of obedience to some supreme and eternal law, which is no other than the authority of God, commanding good and forbidding evil. And so far from this most just authority of God over men diminishing, or even destroying their liberty, it protects and perfects it, for the real perfection of all creatures is found in the prosecution and attainment of their respective ends; but the supreme end to which human liberties must aspire is God.” ■ ■

Carmen Was Beautiful



Have you a cigarette, Padre? You don't smoke? That's all right. It's hard to be poor. It is harder for me because Antonio is gone. He was my husband. He used to tell me that I was beautiful. Every woman likes to hear that. A woman has to be beautiful to someone.



Why did he die? Because we were poor. I found a little chicken one day, floating in the river. It looked good, so I plucked its feathers and cooked it for my Antonio. It was to be a big treat.



How did I know the chicken was poisoned? It made Antonio sick. There was no money for a doctor. I did what I could, but Antonio died. Now that he's gone there is no one to say I am beautiful.



"If the faithful help even one candidate for the priesthood they will fully share in all the future Masses, and in all the fruits of sanctity and Apostolic works, that will be his . . ."

—POPE PIUS XII

TO EDUCATE A PRIEST

Hundreds of young men are now studying in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare themselves to serve in the foreign mission fields.

Many of these young men have insufficient funds to meet the ordinary expenses of their years of training. But we never refuse a deserving candidate who is unable to finance his training. Instead, we seek benefactors to assist us in maintaining him.

This idea of educating a young man for the priesthood may appeal to you or to your friends. One benefactor recently wrote:

"Find enclosed \$750 to train one of your young men for one year. I have always wanted to educate a young man for the priesthood, but now I know I shall never be able to do so. I am eighty-three years old, so if I can take care of myself, and do a little, I shall do well."

You may prefer to offer a gift toward a room for such a student, at the Maryknoll Seminary. The cost of a student's room is \$1,500. A plaque on the door will bear your name or that of a deceased loved one, as you choose. The plaque will remind the student occupant to pray daily for your beloved one.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

- ☐ *I enclose \$..... towards a seminarian's room.*
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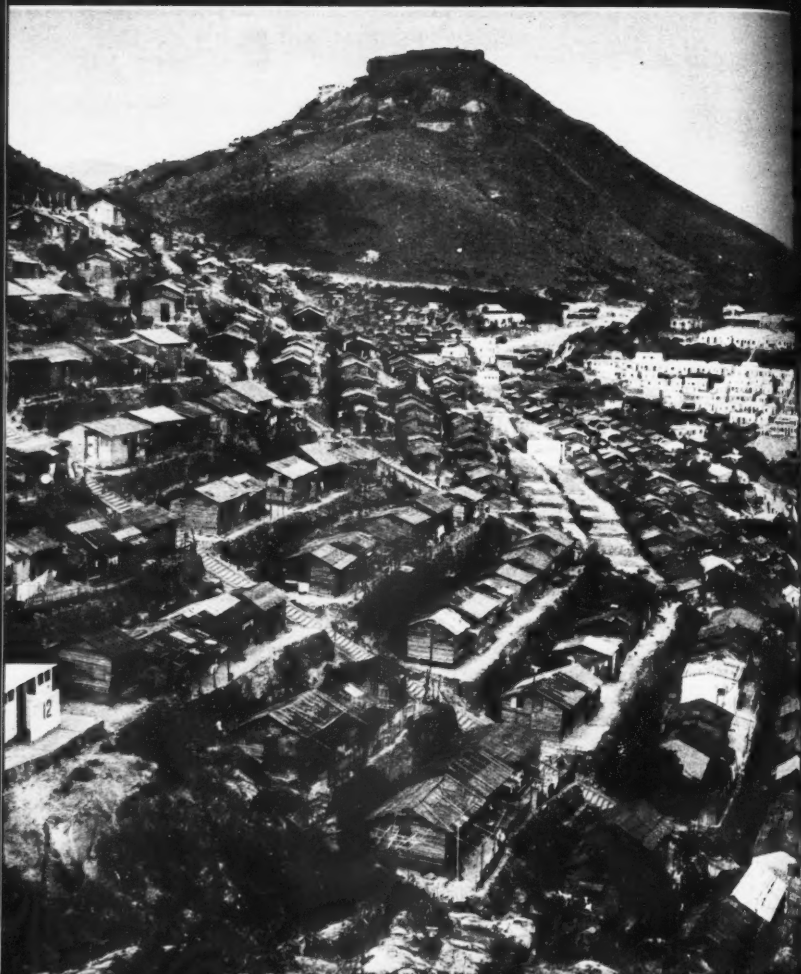
My Name.....

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CLOSE-UP

The Pastor of Mud Alley





Light industries are Father Trube's remedy for poverty in Tung Tau Tsuen.

■ SOME new huts were built in Tung Tau Tsuen refugee camp in Hong Kong a few years ago. When a resettlement officer interviewed people who wished to move into them, he was surprised to find a priest among the applicants.

"The new huts are only for established squatters," said the officer.

"But I'm a squatter," insisted the priest, Father Howard D. Trube of New York City. "I can prove it." He produced four months' rent receipts to support his claim.

Father Trube had been assigned to refugee work a few months earlier. He immediately moved into the camp to live with his people. A refugee himself, having been forced out of China by the Commu-

nists after a dozen years of work there, he understood the feelings and problems of other refugees.

The camp at Tung Tau Tsuen is made up of hundreds of wooden shanties perched on the side of a steep hill. Considered useless land for centuries, capable only of producing mud, the hillside had to be utilized when thousands of families poured into Hong Kong from the mainland.

Early in his refugee work, Father Trube decided that two major improvements were necessary. First, he wanted to open some kind of community center. Secondly, he resolved to start social welfare programs to aid his people. Hundreds of families were in dire need of



Youngsters flock to the reading room of the Bishop Ford Memorial Center.

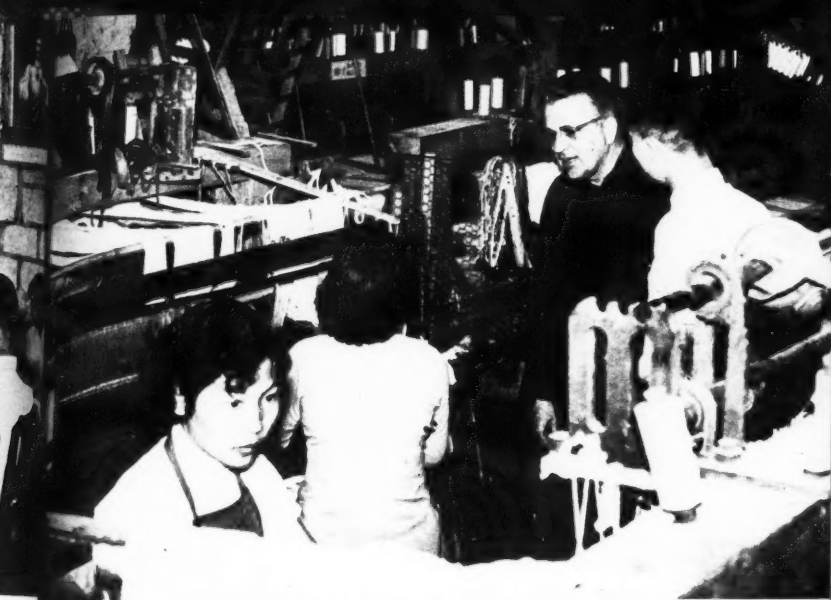
shelter and food. Few of the children attended school. Health conditions were poor, with a high incidence of tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia and dysentery.

For his first community center, Father Trube rented a room measuring about twelve by eighteen feet. It served as a meeting place and small dispensary during the day, and as Father Trube's sleeping quarters at night.

Late in 1952 Father Trube built a modern community center. He called it the "Bishop Ford Memorial Center," in honor of the late Bishop Francis X. Ford, under whom he had worked in China. (Bishop Ford died in a Communist prison in Canton six years ago — on February 21, 1952.)

In connection with the community center, Father Trube conducts a school and a chapel. Both occupy a long, single-story building with movable partitions inside. A small section in the center serves as the permanent chapel. When more space is needed, the partitions are rolled back and the whole building becomes a chapel.

The Bishop Ford Memorial School has six grades and some 500 pupils. Another 250 students take vocational training at night to learn how to weave cloth and make rattan furniture. Already the school has gained an excellent name in the area and has been recognized by the Hong Kong Education Department. A senior education officer



Father Trube offers vocational training and helps graduates find jobs.

even remarked that the children there were the happiest she had seen in any school.

One of the busiest rooms at the center is the dispensary, which gives some 10,000 treatments annually. Vaccinations and injections against smallpox, cholera and typhoid are part of Father Trube's plan for controlling communicable diseases.

Besides the school and dispensary, the center carries on a host of other social service activities for the refugees. It runs an employment bureau and sponsors cooperatives. It has recreational facilities for all age groups and meeting rooms for social groups. It handles housing problems and distributes material aid to the neediest families.

For Father Trube, an ordinary day consists of helping many people in different ways. Some are looking for jobs or subsidies to carry on work at home. Others need food, or money to pay the rent, or assistance to enter a hospital. No request is too large or too small for their pastor's attention. He even has learned the sign language, in order to give religious instructions to a group of sixteen deaf-and-dumb refugees from Shanghai.

"People come to the Bishop Ford Center with their children and their friends," says Father Trube, "with their woes and their problems, with their illnesses and accidents, with their desire for truth and peace of soul."

■ ■

YOU Made It Possible!



■ SWISS Guards? Young Cardinals? No. Altar boys in Saint Anne's parish on Formosa. If they look proud, they have justification. They are the Special Seven. Out of the forty thousand people in Miaoli, they are the only ones who kneel with the angels during the Holy Sacrifice. They weren't allowed to put those uniforms on until they could recite the Latin of the Mass perfectly. Now we think they would pass in Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Are you proud of your investment? We are. You made this possible.

— Henry J. Madigan, M.M.





WHAT *ONE* PRIEST CAN DO!

FATHER PAUL BORDENET, OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA WAS A MISSIONER IN KOREA UNTIL WORLD WAR II. AS A CHAPLAIN IN THE PACIFIC WITH OUR MARINES HE MADE 5 ISLAND LANDINGS WITH THE TROOPS.



NOW ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS IN AFRICA, HE LABORS WITH THE TRIBESMEN OF MUSOMA. HE MAKES CONVERTS BY TEACHING THEM TO RAISE BETTER CROPS AND ANIMALS.



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2-58

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If These Were Your

These are homeless boys sleeping on the streets of an Asian city. They have no hopeful present, can expect no future. Half the world's children live in Asia. Millions need help in soul and body.



or Children...

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COVER STORY

Every Street a Side Show



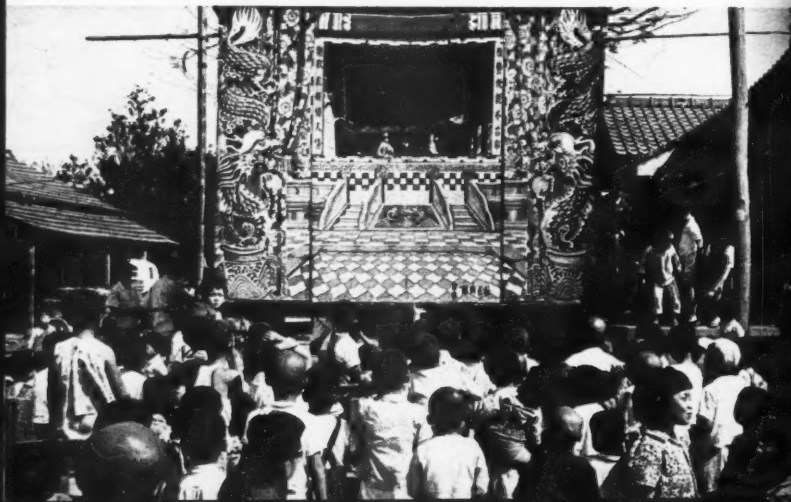
■ CHINESE New Year is unique. For some idea of it, add the hilarity of New Year's Eve celebrations in New York City's Times Square to the carnival atmosphere of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Then throw in the noise of Fourth of July observances in any American city before firecrackers were banned.

Lucille Hobbie, famed artist, captures the spirit of a New Year's

celebration in Hong Kong's streets.

No Chinese New Year's celebration would be complete without new *tuis*, such as the boys on the right are selling. Those inscribed banners are hung outside homes. Pagans depend on them to ward off evil spirits. Christians use them to thank God for past blessings and to ask Him for continued protection in the coming year. ■■

A puppet show highlights festivities. Chinese youngsters love their antics.





True Catholic Thinking

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ RECENTLY we had the opportunity of examining the lives of a number of the Church's greatest saints. We were struck by one factor that was common to every life we read; namely, a reliance on the providence of God to a degree that the world would call foolish. These holy men and women went the whole way with God in the confident expectation that God would carry on beyond their own efforts.

It is easy for us to become so preoccupied with our own problems that we forget other problems of obligation that may not be as immediate or as close to us. For many, mission work is in this latter category. Every Catholic has heard at one time or another the great command of Christ to go and teach all nations. But for far too many, this command has no personal meaning.

It is as if Christ didn't really mean what He said. The phrase "Charity begins at home" is found nowhere in the Gospels; but if we judge by the attitude of some otherwise good Catholics, the phrase has the validity of dogma. They are concerned about their own family and even immediate neighbors. But foreigners! Those people wouldn't really appreciate help, anyway.

It was with considerable edification that we read two pastoral letters of American bishops, particularly when each of those bishops has the responsibility for what could rightly be called a "needy" diocese.

The first pastoral letter was written by Bishop Charles H. Helmsing, head of the newly created Springfield-Cape Girardeau Diocese in Missouri. Taking over the direction of a brand new diocese involves terrific problems of organization, planning, fund raising, obtaining vocations, and so on.

Yet Bishop Helmsing, in his very first pastoral message to his clergy and laity, devoted a considerable portion to foreign missions. He called upon his flock to lend material, vocational, and supernatural support to foreign mission work, reminding them that the best way of solving their own diocesan problems is to reach beyond their own surroundings and help people in even greater need.

"Give and it shall be given to you" is a promise of the Sacred Heart. In it Bishop Helmsing puts his trust for the solution of his problems. This is Catholic thinking of the first order.

MARYKNOLL

The second pastoral letter was by Bishop Albert L. Fletcher, of Little Rock, Arkansas. Bishop Fletcher's letter was concerned with the problem of vocations for his diocese — no simple problem in the Catholic-poor southland.

Yet, immediately after stating his needs, Bishop Fletcher wrote: "But we have to do more than just develop our own vocations for ourselves. That would not be the Catholic way of doing things. That would be selfish — and the 'Catholic way' is not selfish. We have to develop vocations for whatever field God gives them. Some He calls to be priests of the diocese; others to be priests of religious orders, congregations, and societies; some He calls to the home missions and others to foreign missions."

Then, like Bishop Helmsing, the Little Rock ordinary significantly added: "If we try to follow God's will in developing vocations, He will see to it that we get those we need. This is the unselfish Catholic way; this is the right way."

Later the bishop chided those Catholics who refuse to do their part in the work of the Mystical Body. They accept, but they do not give. They grow spiritually fat on the blood of the Lamb but refuse a helping hand to those in hunger. "They are," says the bishop, "paralyzed fingers of the Mystical Body — sick, a drain on the whole Body."

American Catholics can be proud of their hierarchy, of whom Bishops Helmsing and Fletcher are examples. With such thinking our religious life will remain vital. ■ ■

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



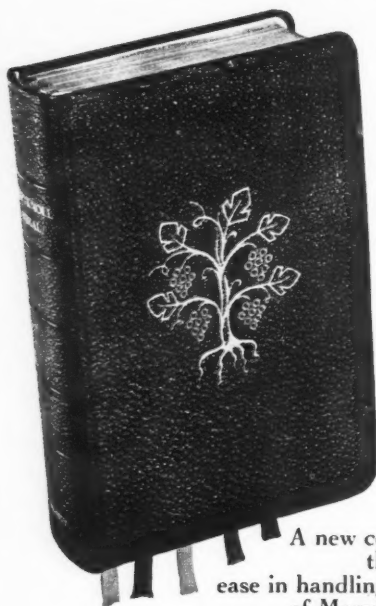
Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics



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White Hair

BY DELOS A. HUMPHREY, M.M.

■ "THAT white haired man, Gi-sun, he didn't even want to wear a coat!" said the catechist, his eyes sparkling with merriment. "It was cold that night, but he said he didn't need a coat — he was all warm inside from his enthusiasm — delighted at the chance to teach the doctrine!"

The catechist and I were sitting in the rectory of the Tienchung mission. It was Monday morning and rays of Formosan sunlight danced across the catechist's face.

"Father O'Connor told him to wear a coat anyway. He didn't want Gi-sun to die," continued the catechist. "But the white haired one said he'd be very happy to die — would be glad to die for God!"

Gi-sun was fervent from the time he began to study the doctrine. He was all that we had hoped for. Before his baptism he had introduced us to lots of his friends. Today many of them are Christians — helping to spread the Faith, not only by introducing us to their friends, but by personally teaching the doctrine.

"Tell me more about some of the others who are helping us, Mr. Iu," I said to the catechist.

"Well, there's the school principal, the tall, thin man who lives opposite the theater. He's very well educated. Each Sunday night we prepare what he is to teach during the week. Whatever I tell him sinks into his marvelous background and he makes as good a catechist as any of the best. He and the white haired man are taking turns, with some of the others, teaching in our mission station at Tiong Liao.

"Then there's Sit Kim, the farmer, and Mr. So from the tax office. Mrs. So is very good with the middle aged ladies. This husband and wife make quite a pair, riding out to the villages on his old bicycle. What they need is a bicycle built for two!

"Then there's the little old lady who runs the medicine shop. She seems made to order for teaching the old people; in fact, she explains the doctrine to everyone who comes into her shop. And Chhai Siu, the girl who lives in the Japanese-style house just south of town — she has a way with the children. They really like her!"

It is a pleasure to be working with helpers such as these. The Formosan people generally are cheerful and happy. They respond to the truth with an eagerness that is pressing.

Please, God, give us the time and the means to work long and fruitfully here on Formosa, and give us more Christians of the mettle of the white haired man and his friends.





The Threat of Mahomet

History's great religious rivals are both trying to convert Black Africa.

■ ON THE surface, the future of the Church in Africa looks most promising. During the past thirty years the number of Catholics has more than quadrupled. Ecclesiastical territories have almost doubled. The number of foreign priests has tripled, while the African clergy has increased eightfold. The greatest growth has been recorded during the past ten years.

Beneath the surface, however, lies a most serious threat to the continued progress of the Church. Moslems — the followers of Mahomet, better known as Mohammed — are working with even greater activity in Africa, and with certain advantages over the Catholic Church.

For centuries Africa has been divided by the so-called Moslem Line, an imaginary barrier extend-

ing across the continent at its widest point. To the north is White Africa, predominantly Moslem. To the south is Black Africa, predominantly animist or pagan.

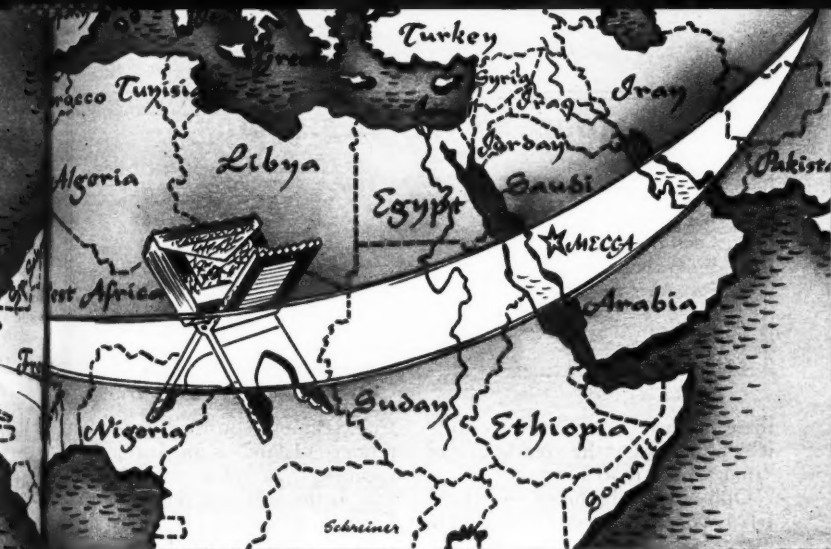
Practically all of the Church's growth has taken place in Black Africa. Yet, Islam — the religion of Moslems — is gaining at a still faster pace in this part of the continent.

A little more than a quarter-century ago, in 1931, Africa's total population was estimated at about 144,000,000. According to the most authoritative figures for that same year, Moslems numbered 44,000,000 and Catholics 5,000,000.

Twenty-five years later, Africa's population had increased by about 69,000,000, or 48 per cent. Applying the same rate of increase to



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both religious bodies would give 65,120,000 Moslems and 7,400,000 Catholics.

The actual figures for the year 1956, however, are much higher: 85,325,598 Moslems and 18,608,000 Catholics. The difference between the rate of normal population increase, and the actual number of Moslems and Catholics, gives a rough idea of the number of conversions. For Moslems the difference is 20,205,598, and for Catholics, 11,208,000.

These figures, while not precise, do indicate that, for Africa in general, Islam is gaining nearly twice as many converts as Catholicism. Furthermore, since White Africa has shown relatively little change during this period, the ratio applies almost exclusively to Black

Africa, the center of the Church's growth and her best hope for future progress on the continent.

The conflict between Islam and Catholicism extends back a dozen centuries. They have been called the greatest rivals in the religious history of mankind.

Mohammed was the founder of the Moslem religion. ("Moslem" comes from the Arabic word "Muslim," which means a believer in Islam.) He was born about the year 570 in Mecca, in southern Arabia.

At the age of forty, the illiterate Mohammed felt called to be a prophet of God. He declared that the Angel Gabriel, in a vision, had told him to proclaim God's will to his people. Over a period of years he claimed to receive many messages from the Angel Gabriel. To

MOSLEMS vs. CATHOLICS

	Moslem	Catholic
<i>North and Northeast Africa</i>	74.0%	3.0%
<i>West Africa</i>	45.0	3.6
<i>Central Africa</i>	6.2	22.0
<i>South Africa</i>	1.0	5.3
<i>East Africa</i>	19.0	14.0
<i>Insular E. Africa</i>	5.8	24.6
<i>All Africa</i>	41.0	8.0

these he gave the name "Koran," which means "the reading" or "that which is to be read."

Only after Mohammed's death did Islam spread outside Arabia. His successors waged wars of conquest, which they called "holy wars." Within a century they built an empire larger than the old Roman one. It spread across North Africa, to the Pyrenees in Spain, to India.

For a time the Moslems threatened to overthrow the Christian countries of Europe. In one of the decisive battles of world history, they were defeated at Tours in 732 by Charles Martel and his Christian soldiers. This battle, which took place exactly one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, saved Christian civilization in Western Europe.

The successors of Mohammed preserved his teachings in their holy book, the Koran. It stresses that there is only one God, called Allah, the Lord and Light of heaven and earth. Devout Moslems today still profess their faith by saying, "There is no god but Allah; Mohammed is the messenger of Allah."

The Koran teaches that the only

true religion consists in the surrender ("Islam" is an Arabic word meaning "submission") of man's will to the will and purpose of the Lord of Creation. It looks upon prayer as the ladder to heaven. It teaches that people should be humble in spirit, temperate, brave and just. It encourages heroic daring and sacrifice. Devout Moslems, literate and illiterate alike, learn the Koran by heart.

Islam pictures God, not as a loving Father, but as an absolute Master who imposes His will and must be served. As a consequence, the idea of predestination rules out human freedom. Allah, not bound by any laws, can do what He likes as He likes when He likes. Any individual who questions His arbitrariness shows a defect in his belief in Allah's absolute power.

The reasons for Islam's initial progress and continuing influence in Africa are not difficult to find. It arrived in North Africa on the heels of the Arab invasion which began in the middle of the seventh century. Cruel persecutions marked this Moslem conquest, which estab-

lished not only a religion, but also an authoritative social, political and legal order designed to fit the needs and customs of a primitive, mostly nomadic, population.

The fear of slavery was another factor in converting some Africans to Islam. Arab caravans traveling through West, East and Central Africa took slaves. Islam, however, insists that men are equal and "all believers are naught else but brothers." Those who declared themselves Moslems could not be taken into slavery.

The disruption of pagan society, which began with the arrival of Europeans and continues at a faster pace today, also accounts for some of Islam's progress in Africa. Paganism is more a social and local religion than a personal, universal one. As contact with the outside world increased and European influence extended throughout Africa, paganism as a way of life and as a religion broke down. Islam provided the elements of a new social life.

There are more positive reasons for Islam's progress, too. Every Moslem is a missionary, apparently by instinct, perhaps as much for social reasons as for zeal for Allah.

In East and West Africa, the Moslem shepherd and merchant are often followed by a *marabout*, or holy man. The shepherd offers his services to those African farmers who know nothing about cattle raising. Eventually he arrives at the point

where he is a respected figure in an area, and even mixes in local politics. The merchant travels from village to village and market to market. He makes contacts and becomes well

known. Gradually he becomes a leader and consultant.

The *marabout* usually is a stranger to the country. He

knows a few passages of the Koran and of some traditional book. As a friend of the Moslem shepherd or merchant, he meets the people. He directs prayers and religious ceremonies. Often he is called upon to cure the sick, to bring rain, to insure success for human undertakings, or to ward off demons and other evil spirits.

Islam, furthermore, provides its own propaganda. The simplicity of its doctrine, the moderation and discretion of its demands regarding pagan practices, impress the average African. In addition, it gives each new convert a feeling that he has made progress in the social scale by belonging to one of the great religions established in the world.

For the future, Islam shows every promise that it will continue to progress in Black Africa. Because of its simple doctrine and easy moral demands, it may be expected to profit more than Catholicism from conditions found south of the Moslem Line today. The threat of Mahomet to the future of the Church in Africa cannot be taken lightly by Catholics. ■ ■

"Is not zeal for the glory of God, in a heart burning with love for its brothers, the highest form of missionary zeal? The apostle is before all else God's herald."

— Pius XII



This class of housewives in the Belgian Congo learns to make soups.

SOUP'S ON!

There's no misunderstanding when it comes to a good soup.

■ THE most primitive people and the most civilized have one thing in common. They all like soup! This type of liquid food probably goes right back to the Garden of Eden. Soups come in many forms, from clear consommés to stew-like chowders. It is even possible to identify a man's nationality by the soup he likes. Here are a few favorites: France, pot-au-feu or petite

marmite; Italy, minestrone; Russia, borsch; Holland, erwtensoep; Spain, puchero. The United States has borrowed soups from many lands. Its contribution to world gastronomy is clam chowder (New England and Manhattan).

While many Americans have gotten away from making soups, preferring the canned variety, there are still enough housewives who like to make their own. For those who would like to get away from ordinary soups and try something new, here are a few unusual recipes used in mission lands.

HOH-TAY TANG (China)

- ½ pound slice of ham
- 6 cups cold water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 Chinese cabbage (about 1 pound)

Cut ham into ½" cubes after removing rind and bone. Put in deep kettle with bone. Add water and salt. Cover kettle and on high heat bring to rolling boil. Turn down heat and simmer 20 minutes. While simmering, separate and wash cabbage. Lay leaves together and cut in narrow strips. Add to broth. Heat to boiling, then simmer 10 minutes. *Makes 6 to 8 servings.*

Caution: Don't let soup stand too long before serving or it will become bitter.

POTATO PUREE (Colombia)

- Chicken (1 piece of white meat per person)
- 1½ quarts of water
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- 4 to 5 sprigs of parsley, minced, and extra parsley for garnishing
- Rosemary (optional)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 large baking potato, diced
- 4 medium-size boiling potatoes, diced

Wash chicken, cover with water. Add onion, parsley, rosemary, salt and pepper. Simmer until chicken is tender. After first half hour, add baking potato so that it will disintegrate and give body to soup. Add remainder of potatoes 15 minutes before serving; pieces should be tender, not soft. *Serves six.*

MEAT BALL SOUP (Costa Rica)

- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 2 eggs
- 2 onions, chopped fine
- ⅓ teaspoon marjoram
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Corn meal or flour
- 2 quarts beef broth

Mix meat, eggs, onions and seasoning. Shape into small balls and roll in corn meal or flour. Heat broth to boiling point and put in meat balls. Turn heat to simmer until meat is cooked. *Makes 6 generous servings.*

LENTIL SOUP (Saudi Arabia)

- ½ cup lentils
- 2 cups onion, coarsely chopped
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 quarts (8 cups) water
- 1 cup chopped Swiss chard or spinach
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- Juice of ½ lemon

Cleanse lentils thoroughly and put into salted water. Add onions and mix. Cook over medium fire for one hour or until the lentils are tender. Add Swiss chard or spinach, olive oil, and lemon juice. Mix and cook for ten minutes. *Makes 6 generous servings.*

If it is desired, one pound of ½" cubed lamb can be added with the lentils. The lamb should be lean. Simmer as for the lentils over medium heat. Stir thoroughly before serving. Lamb should always be cooked slowly. ■ ■

**Eleven-year-old Julio Roca
— Huck Finn in the jungle**





Julio cooks dinner for father and brother. Yucca and rice form this meal.

The Green World of Julio Roca

A YOUTH-AROUND-THE-WORLD REPORT

BY AMBROSE C. GRAHAM, M.M.

■ JULIO ROCA lives in the heart of the Amazon jungle. From a distance, many an American youngster might envy his adventurous existence, spent in a region boasting

alligators, jaguars, anacondas and Brazil-nut trees. Actually, Julio's life is one of grinding poverty. But since he knows of nothing with which to compare his substandard living conditions, he feels no want.

Julio was born eleven years ago in an isolated part of Bolivia's jungle, where his father hunted for the sap of rubber trees. His mother,



1 Julio regularly goes over to the farm to get some yucca, a staple.

who was only fifteen years old when Julio was born, was of Indian parentage. His father has white blood.

After losing two children to jungle diseases, Mrs. Roca became ill herself. The family moved to Cachuela Esperanza (Falls of Hope), a small jungle village owned by a large rubber estate. After a few years, Julio's mother and young sister died of tuberculosis. This left the Roca family composed of the father, Julio, and his seven-year-old brother, Chino.


The Rocas live in a "worker's house," thirty by thirty feet. The inside walls are papered with pages from the *Saturday Evening Post*. The furniture of the house is simple—a table, a long bench, two chairs, some kerosene boxes as extra chairs, a gasoline drum for storing seed, a cupboard for dishes, hanging wire on which is tied dried

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2 After cutting off the upper part of the plant, he yanks it free.



3 These roots, pounded into a flour, are basic to Julio's diet.

Hauling water is his daily chore.

meat out of reach of rats, and a wooden platform that serves as a bed. For cooking, there is an adobe fireplace, with the leg of a discarded sewing machine fixed to hold pots over the fire.

Because there is no woman in the house, Julio must do the chores that ordinarily would fall to the mother of a family. But once a week he serves Mass, and then his father takes care of the early chores.

Julio rises at half past five each morning. Ordinarily, he gets a pail of water from the village spring, feeds the chickens, and prepares breakfast. At eight o'clock he is in school. By noon he is home preparing lunch, after which he studies or takes a siesta. At two he is back in school and stays there until five. After school he must go to his father's *chaco*, or farm, and get wood, bananas and yucca. Then

FEBRUARY, 1958





Julio supervises his young brother's homework and keeps him in line.

he returns home to prepare the evening meal, which will be eaten about seven o'clock.

This meal is built around rice, sometimes with yucca, sometimes with bananas. The bananas are the cooking type and are boiled or fried or roasted. Fish is added when Julio catches any, and occasionally there will be a bit of meat. Wild fruits, oranges and sweet bananas, are used for dessert in season.

After supper, Julio has time for himself. He plays with his friends, the favorite game being one called "cowboy." On days when there is no school, he has time to play soccer, or to hunt and fish.

Julio is in his fifth year in school. He has a sharp mind and learning

comes easy. He even checks on his young brother's school work. At present he is studying arithmetic, Spanish grammar, Bolivian history, hygiene, civics and religion. He can expect no more than an elementary school education. He would like to become a river pilot on the launch *Triunfo*, which comes once a week from Riberalta.

Julio is unusually self-sufficient for his age. He was raised largely in the jungle where visitors were scarce. The priest visited his jungle home about twice a year, so Julio does not know much about religion.

His father is able to write his own name, but can read only a few words. Julio's mother could do neither. In the jungle, Mr. Roca was the leader because of his experience. In the frontier life of Cachuela Esperanza, Mr. Roca's previous experience is almost worthless. Julio therefore learns from the priest and his teachers, rather than from his father.

Because of conditions, Julio is growing in maturity beyond his eleven years. He has accepted the responsibility of raising his brother. Yet his boyish nature has not been lost. Full of fun, sharp-witted, untiring in sports, always ready to eat, he lives in a green world that is lavish with its natural gifts — but at the same time harsh and cruel.

Watching Julio trudging off into the rain forest, armed with only a machete, accompanied only by his dog, one cannot help but think of Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. However, the green world of the Amazon is far removed from the easy, indolent life of the Mississippi. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL



THE LAST SUPPER

Matthew 26:26-28

"But wait of all because they offered
This: my God, Who art all good."

From Father Graham, Julio learns about his religion.



A group of Maryknoll Missioners get together in Korea, including (from left to right) Fathers Connors, Zunno, Gibbons, Petipren, Borer, Walsh and Ray.

Behind the Statistics

Why Korean pastors average a convert a day.

BY WILLIAM R. BOOTH, M.M.

■ IN RECENT years, on the white side of the Iron Curtain that divides Korea, there have been visible stirrings of grace and an unusual number of conversions. Many pastors in South Korea can count an average of a convert a day.

But a statistic, after all, is only

a statistic and doesn't tell the whole story. How do people, once entirely ignorant of the Faith, become baptized and practicing Catholics? No matter how quickly (and some youngsters are quick) they are able to memorize the prayers and answers in the catechism, catechumens must attend Sunday Mass, keep the days of fast and abstinence, and live other Catholic practices for a period of six months before baptism.

Many and varied are the types of people who present themselves as candidates for baptism. Gregory, a youth I baptized recently, is totally blind. One of his young pagan friends read to him, over and over again, the necessary prayers and the questions and answers in the catechism. Gregory memorized them perfectly. Every Sunday I see

him at Mass, sitting in the front row listening most attentively. He is led by hand to church by a couple of his young pagan companions; eventually he will lead them into the Faith.

It is a common occurrence for a young daughter who can read to teach her unlettered mother or grandmother, by endless repetition, the essential prayers and the answers in the catechism. It is no easy matter for a grandmother of sixty or seventy, never having had a day's schooling, to begin to memorize unfamiliar ideas expressed in unfamiliar words.

I recall one old lady who was among the first to present herself as a catechumen in the newly founded parish of Chin Chon. Every day she made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, but after a year had passed she had memorized only the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary." A catechist finally taught her the essential truths, a knowledge of which the Church requires before baptism. I baptized her Mary.

There isn't a more fervent member of the parish, or a more grateful and happy one, than Mary. Missioners have often noticed, in similar cases, that unlettered people of advanced age who enter the Church the hard way seem to have a better grasp of the fundamentals of the Faith than has the average convert. The Holy Spirit supplies — as a reward for sincerity.

Modern fishers of men use various means to land their catch, but all means begin and end with the gift of grace from God. ■ ■

FEBRUARY, 1958

When You Decide to Help Maryknoll to Push the Kingdom of God into Faraway Places Choose One of These Ten Methods

1. *Send a personal donation.*
2. *Repeat it annually or even monthly.*
3. *Remember Maryknoll in your will.*
4. *Take out a Maryknoll Annuity.*
5. *Give a memorial: for example, a chapel, a classroom, a student's room.*
6. *Name Maryknoll as a beneficiary of your insurance policy.*
7. *Support a young man in training.*
8. *Support a missionary.*
9. *Give a Burse, to educate one seminarian after another.*
10. *Interest others — your relatives, friends or officials of foundations and trust funds — in Maryknoll.*

**For further information
write:**

MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll, New York

**Here Is
Refugee
Number
4,620,597**



known to Maryknoll Sisters as a child of God and little brother of Jesus Christ. They came all the way from America to bring him good for his body, his mind, and his soul. Please God, through them — and YOU — he will fulfill his destiny of knowing, loving, and serving God for all eternity.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... to help you in your work.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month to help support a Sister. I realize I may stop this at any time.

The Orange Happiness

A mother will never give up.

BY SISTER ROSE BERNADETTE

■ **LEELAAN** Leung sneaked into Hong Kong early one sunny morning, via a junk that had slipped down the river by night without lights. She and her four children, she thought, would be safe once they got to Hong Kong.

Every now and then, remembrance of that night chilled her. "That night" was the time her husband was slapped and buffeted, torn and beaten before her eyes, and dragged away. She felt sure that he must be dead by now; she owed it to the children to get out of China — fast.

So, when Leelaan stepped cautiously from the junk that morning, she pushed her little foursome into the thickest crowd she could find. For several hours she was content just to wander, losing herself and her children in the great sea of faces in refugee-swollen Hong Kong.

Even then, she searched every passing face. Her oldest son, Keh Kwok, had been sent to school in Hong Kong three years before. The



Reunion in the Hong Kong market.

family had lost all touch with him after the Communists came into power. She hoped to find him somewhere in the city.

As the afternoon wore on, Leelaan began to think in terms of food and housing. It took courage to go up to a policeman, even in free Hong Kong. When she did, he pointed to a hillside honeycombed with shacks.

"Maryknoll Sisters are there," he said. "They will help you."

But Leelaan trusted nobody.

One morning I came across Kwok Shing, Leelaan's seven-year-old, struggling to carry two big pails of water. They were too heavy for his frail body, of course, so I offered to help.

"This is man's work," I told him.

"Well, I'm the man in our house!" he boasted.

Sure enough, he was. Sui Laan, a girl, was nine, and the two little ones were too young to be of any help at all. The mother was just about at the end of her tether. She was getting desperate.

But ten minutes later, she knew that her tide had turned.

Next morning, Leelaan came to the Center. There we arranged for her to do sewing at home so that the children would not be without her all day, as formerly. Then we took Sui Laan to the classroom and introduced her to her teacher. And Kwok Shing went off to the first schooling he had ever had.

We visited Leelaan regularly. Several times, we secured medical attention for one or other of the children. Just before cold weather set in, a more fortunate family was moving out of the settlement.

"Give our shack to someone who needs it," they told me. And Leelaan joyfully moved her family in.

But the greatest aid of all came about unexpectedly. And through that little rascal, Kwok Shing! He had been naughty, whacking his sister over the head with his chopsticks and teasing the baby.

"Whatever makes you so naughty, Kwok Shing!" his mother scolded.

"I don't know," he told her. "Sister says in school that when we're baptized we become children of God. Then God would be my Father and I'd never be bad — well, only once in a while."

It set Leelaan thinking. Would this Christian God be a spiritual Father to her children? Would He

love them enough for that? It wasn't long before the Leung troupe came regularly to religion classes.

Not long after that, Leelaan begged me to make a last desperate search for Keh Kwok.

"Somebody in the market must know him," she urged. "I'm sure that, if you are with me, they will try to help me."

At last, we sat down to rest. Two pairs of extremely dirty shoes were all we had to show for a long day's search.

Just then, a young boy selling oranges passed by. He slipped on the dirty floor and fell. His oranges rolled every which way, and many were snatched up by hungry people who profited from his slip. One yellow fruit came right to Leelaan's poor, tired feet. She picked it up to hand to the lad, and —

"Keh Kwok! My boy!"

What a reunion! The orange vender had found his mother; Leelaan had found her son.

Yes, indeed! The whole family was baptized just three months ago. Leelaan said to me after the ceremony: "How can I help but love God? He has loved us so much. God the Father protects my children and me. God the Son led my son to me through such devious ways. God the Holy Spirit unites us all in His love. And our Blessed Mother showed me how a mother's heart is torn when a son is lost."

The Leungs are moving out of the refugee area now. They are "rehabilitated," as the social workers say. They will leave a nice shack behind them. And I know just the family that ought to get it! ■ ■

The Second Sweeney

**Thousands of humble Koreans
thank God for this Maryknoller.**

BY JOHN F. WALSH, M.M.

■ "WELL, Leo my boy, since you have been telling me you wish to enter Maryknoll, I think it would be good for us to drop in to see the pastor. And if it is all right with you, we will go to speak to him this evening after supper." Thus spoke Mr. Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., to his son Leo, then thirteen years of age, one day in 1916.

That evening the pastor expressed happiness at the prospect of Leo becoming a priest, and suggested that he try a few years at the diocesan preparatory seminary. Mr. Sweeney at once remarked, "But Father, Leo wishes to study at Maryknoll and become a missionary." Whereupon the pastor immediately concurred and gave his unqualified approval.

Maryknoll was in its infancy and vocations to its work were few in those years. The major seminary was struggling along with a handful of students in makeshift living quarters when Leo's application was received. He was the youngest boy to express a desire to come to Maryknoll. The idea of sending missionaries to the Far East was still novel



to Americans, and the response to Maryknoll's call was understandably slow at the start.

Leo was a happy youth when his application was accepted. In the fall of 1916 he reported to Maryknoll's preparatory seminary in Clarks Summit, Pa. His days at home through parochial school years had been blessed beyond average. It is not unlikely that his vocation may have come in some measure from the ready response of his generous heart and his desire to thank Our Lord as much as he could for many blessings.

If I were asked to mention outstanding characteristics in the life of Leo W. Sweeney, these two would make a full answer: generosity and joy. And these two could be reduced to one: Love — love of God and, following from it as surely as day follows night, love of fellow men everywhere on earth, be their color black or white or yellow.

Leo is well remembered by the older priests at Maryknoll as a remarkably fine student. He was blessed with brilliant mental gifts and outstanding kindness; the latter

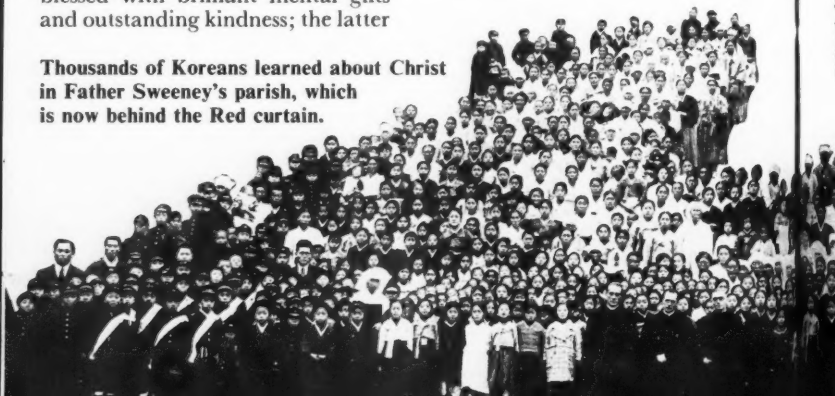
he practiced to a marked degree. A wondrous sense of humor made him a delightful companion at any and all times and in every circumstance of seminary life. He was never happier than when, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, he was helping one less gifted than himself.

Years were spent as Leo studied and prepared for the priesthood. Once that goal was attained, rapid was the transition from the role of seminarian to that of missionary in the field. Within a few months — after a brief vacation at home, a trip across our fair land and across the Pacific to the land of his fondest dreams — he was a missionary.

Upon his arrival in Korea, Father Leo settled down to the routine of studying the language and gaining acquaintance with the customs, habits, and way of life of the people. The Koreans were to become the recipients of the complete devotion and love of his mind and heart for some seventeen years.

Father Leo, ordained at the age of twenty-three, reached Korea at

Thousands of Koreans learned about Christ in Father Sweeney's parish, which is now behind the Red curtain.



a turning point in the political fortunes of that troubled land. By reason of its geographical location, between Manchuria and Japan, and by reason of its small population (30 million), Korea has always been more or less subject to the whims of leaders of stronger nations.

But whatever the political fate of Korea, missionaries have found in the past three decades that the Korean people are very receptive to the Gospel. And when they have received the Faith, they have proved themselves staunch and loyal Catholics. It hardly seems too imaginative to think that Our Lord in His infinite mercy arranged events so that the Koreans could prepare to receive the pearl of great price.

Father Sweeney went on to round out an outstanding mission career during a period of seventeen years. His work in Korea was cut short by the outbreak of World War II, and his death came a few years later. It is our deep desire and fervent prayer that God will raise up in our country other families, many families like the Sweeneys of New Britain, from which will come many young men to replace Father Leo and other missionaries who have been called to their reward.

We pray that young and generous hearts will ask Our Lord to give them the grace of vocation to the missionary priesthood, that they may be led by the example of Father Sweeney.

It is not unlikely that the youth of America will see the day when the vast Orient will be rid of the Communist scourge that it now knows. Missionary priests in large numbers will be needed to take advantage of that opportunity when it comes.

Could it not be true that a generous outpouring of fine American boys offering themselves to walk in the footsteps of Paul, Xavier, Ford or Sweeney — yes, could not such an offering on the part of American youth be just what Our Lord is waiting for, to move Him to end the Communist oppression of the Far East and other parts of the world?

Surely the idea is worth thinking about and saying many prayers about. God's arm is not shortened in our day and He will never be outdone in generosity. Under heaven there is no cause dearer to the Sacred Heart than that of sending missionaries to distant lands to take the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind. ■ ■



Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Teenage Fans

I am a teenager and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the story about the Philippine Islands girl, Heidi. It is good for us to know how other young people live around the world. I never knew that the people in the Philippines were so much like ourselves. If more people knew these things there would be less trouble in the world. Won't you give us more stories like this one?

ROBERTA DECKER

Chicago, Ill.

I want to start a Heidi Fan Club. Can you send me her address?

FRANK CUSHING

New York City

We plan to continue these teenage stories. See the one this month on the boy in the Amazon jungle.

Murder

Congratulations on your editorial on Bernie Nunez. It's about time someone called murder for what it is. The facts are hard to believe but I know they are true because I read them in the paper when the incident happened.

MARIA VÁSQUEZ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sacrifice

I have been depressed lately because of worries over personal problems. After reading about problems in mission lands

60

I feel almost ashamed. As you will guess when you count the change (55c), the problem is financial. This is all the money I have to my name right now, but I am sure the Lord will help me to help myself and soon I will be able to offer something more worthwhile. God love you.

NAME WITHHELD

Boston, Mass.

Blessings

Some time ago we responded to an appeal one of your priests made on the mainland. We have sent a monthly check to support a missionary as heavenly insurance and earthly reassurance. Since we started making sacrifices to bring the Faith to others, my husband has become a Catholic, we have three more lovely youngsters, my husband has been promoted, and we are all very happy. Surely we are getting more than we give.

NAME WITHHELD

Okinawa

Chance for the Laity

In reply to Mr. Lazetta's letter: Holy Mother the Church has set up secular institutes — that is, institutes of lay men, women or priests living a dedicated life in the world — as a leaven so that the Christian spirit may penetrate into every environment. Such is Madonna House in Combermere, Ontario. Under the mandate of Bishop William Smith of Pembroke, we engage in every aspect of

MARYKNOLL

the social apostolate encompassed in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. We have five foundations in Canada and the United States, with invitations from Brazil, Chile, Japan, Nigeria, Vietnam, and Scotland.

JOSEPH K. HOGAN

Combermere, Canada

Trial

This offering comes from a convert. I call myself that although I have not been baptized. I go to church every Sunday and try to lead a Catholic life as much as I can. My husband has forbidden me to become a Catholic and gets very violent whenever the subject comes up. He threatens to leave me if I enter the Church. I do not know what to do. Can you help me?

NAME WITHHELD

Newton, Mass.

Recipes

In a back issue I read a recipe for Monkey Stew. Our local newspaper here requested unusual recipes. I took the liberty of having this Monkey Stew recipe printed to the delight of many readers of the paper. Would any of your readers know of other recipes as unusual as this Monkey Stew?

MRS. MARIE SAMROW

Racine, Wis.

Sympathy

The weather here is below zero. When I awoke this morning and heard it was four below zero, I thought of the children who don't even have a blanket. So I asked my mother if I could send you my last two dollars. Use it for a poor person.

MARY ANN LUCY

South St. Paul, Minn.

Tribute

Last Easter I tried to put into words a little of a convert's thankfulness for the priesthood. It may serve as a reminder of what a vocation means to us on the other side of the Communion rail.

LUMEN CHRISTI

Held in your hands, the Light of the

World shines on my darkness;

With soft and compassionate footsteps

you carry His radiance into my heart;

His love, glowing in you, ignites my being.

Blown by your breath, the water from

His side blots out my sin;

Flung by your hand, the rain of redemption falls on my desert;

Traced by your fingers, His cross, chrism-signed in water, seals my soul.

Consecrated by your words, the chalice lifts crimson Infinity

To plead for me before the Infinite;

Your reach plucks God Himself from

heaven and sets Him upon my lips.

His Heart uses your voice to speak to mine;

His Grace, mirrored in you, lights the horizons of my world;

His Mercy unlocks my door to Eternity with the golden key of your prayers.

MARIAN F. GOUGH

La Canada, Calif.

Accidental Cupid

I found a copy of your magazine in the bus a year ago. I liked it so much that I decided to subscribe. A lady's name was printed in the address section and I looked her up in the phone book to tell her how much I enjoyed the magazine. Now we are to be married after Easter. I bet you never thought that your magazine could play Cupid. Lucky me!

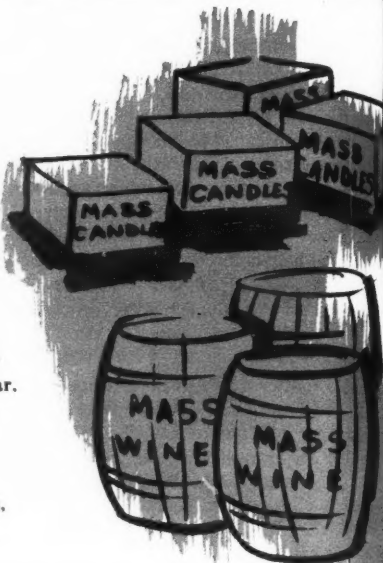
NAME WITHHELD

Detroit, Mich.

Buy Into an Import-Export Business Guaranteeing Eternal Profit

EVER SHIP A CARGO TO COCHABAMBA? OR LOAD A BOAT FOR YOKAHAMA?

A total of 549 Maryknoll missionaries in half a hundred ports around the world await ships that bring them crates of beeswax candles, barrels of Mass wine, and sacks of pure wheat flour . . . for in Maryknoll outposts on four continents these necessities for the celebration of Holy Mass must be imported. Will YOU ship a supply to keep a Maryknoller at the altar, in the mission country of your choice? Shipping expenses average \$5 for each missionary every month. Yearly Mass wine and hosts cost \$30; Mass candles, \$50; sanctuary-lamp oil, \$25.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$..... for shipping; \$..... for Mass wine and hosts; \$..... for Mass candles; \$..... for sanctuary-lamp oil, to keep a Maryknoller at the altar for months, in the mission land I have checked below.

MY NAME.....

MY ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

- | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bolivia | <input type="checkbox"/> Guatemala | <input type="checkbox"/> Hong Kong | <input type="checkbox"/> Japan | <input type="checkbox"/> Chile | <input type="checkbox"/> Mexico |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Formosa | <input type="checkbox"/> Africa | <input type="checkbox"/> Peru | <input type="checkbox"/> Philippines | <input type="checkbox"/> Korea | <input type="checkbox"/> Hawaii |

This Is Where I Belong

BY MARCIAL RUELAS



■ "PRIESTS are sad men who go about in black cassocks all the time. They never enjoy life."

That's what I heard from my atheistic teacher, day in and day out. He had learned that I wanted to become a priest. He said that I shouldn't want to be an altar boy, because that is how such "crazy" ideas get into a young lad's head.

I didn't care what he said. I didn't think there was anything crazy about loving God, so I refused to listen to him. Mr. Quispe never gave up, however; he even flunked me at the end of the year, although I had earned fairly good marks. I offered this up to God as one of the sacrifices He was asking of me, and I managed to change schools. The director of the new primary I attended was a fine Catholic man, and I was glad to find that he understood me.

My name is Marcial. I guess the first time I ever got the "crazy" idea of being a priest was when some Padres came to our pueblo of Ilave, Peru, in 1953. They told us just what the priesthood is and what it means. When they added a few facts and figures to their inspiring talk, I was both surprised and sad-

dened. Imagine! Only twenty-eight priests to care for over one million souls. In the last fifteen years, there have been only seven priests ordained for the Diocese of Puno, to which my pueblo of Ilave belongs. During that time, four or five older priests have passed away.

The Padres told us that what the people really need are priests from their own pueblos, from adobe huts and sheep lands. They need Peruvian young men who can understand and sympathize with their poverty and privations and their sacrifices; they yearn to speak to a Spiritual Father in their own tongue, and to feel that he is really one of them—that he is theirs, body and soul!

That's why I am now here at the minor seminary in Puno. The Maryknoll Fathers are forming me, both by word and example, for the priesthood. They are also helping me in a material way, for I come from a rather poor family. There are four more boys and six girls at home to drain whatever little my father can make.

Oh, yes, life in the seminary is tough at times: the study, the rules, and everything. But I'm sure that this is where I belong. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL MISSION WANT ADS

The U.S. Government encourages your charity by declaring gifts to Maryknoll deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes.



1 In an African mission outpost there's a Maryknoller without a house. He can build a local-styled one for \$150. Will you help with the construction?

Some 500 catechisms are needed in a Maryknoll mission in Chile. Will you provide a dozen or two? They cost 8 cents each.

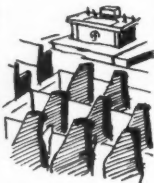


2

The landlord demands his rent. Will you keep a mission station in Korea open for another year? The rent is \$3 a month, \$35 a year.



4



Parlor, bedroom, kitchen, but there's chapel in the tiny mission convent Bolivia. Will you give \$1? or \$10? or \$100? start construction?

3

A Maryknoller in Formosa must buy ground to build a mission church. Property big enough and centrally located costs \$1,500.

You can put a missal on a mission chapel altar in Guatemala. Two Maryknollers there each are begging for one. \$18 apiece.



6



5

7 SOS from Central America. A missionary begs \$1 to keep his chapel-boat chug-chugging for Christ for one more day.



8

For each orphan Maryknoller in Formosa cares for, he must find \$1 a day. Will you adopt a tyke for a day a week? a month?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

1858 - 1958

100th Anniversary of Our Lady of Lourdes

Father Price, Cofounder of Maryknoll, was a devout admirer of Our Lady of Lourdes and a champion for the canonization of St. Bernadette of Lourdes.



At the shrine of Lourdes, Father Price prayed for days and nights, begging the Immaculate Conception to request her Son's permission for the foundation of Maryknoll and for His blessing and her protection on all Maryknoll benefactors and all the

Society's undertakings in mission lands. We continue to pray that Mary will watch over, guide and protect you always and then lead you by the hand into her Son's everlasting dwelling.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll, New York

The Lawyer Who Became a Bishop

Missioners of America

Saint Turibius was the Archbishop of Lima who confirmed Saint Rose of Lima and Blessed Martin de Porres. He did much to promote the faith in Peru and the New World.



1. Turibius de Mogrobojo was a brilliant lawyer in Spain who became the chief judge in Granada.



2. Although a layman, in 1581 he was appointed Archbishop of Lima and was ordained and consecrated.



3. In Peru, he restored ecclesiastical discipline, corrected abuses, and protected the Indians.



4. He learned Indian dialects, converted many Indians. He founded the first seminary in New World.



5. He died in 1606, far from Lima while visiting his flock. He left all his possessions to Lima's poor.

CHRIST belongs to ALL the human race.

